The SHIFTING AGE of WOMAN

BY HELEN ROWLAND

"This morning," remarked the widow mournfully, stabbing her lilac toque with a vicious thrust of an amethyst hatpin, "I discovered—my real age!"

"Did you find a gray hair?" asked the bachelor sympathetically, "or did you do it—by the teeth?"

The widow shook her head.

"It's worse than that!" she said sadly.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the bachelor, rubbing his bald spot thoughtfully.

"The girl across the street," announced the widow, turning upon the bachelor tragically, "asked me to chaperon her! Do I look like a chaperon, Mr. Travers?" she added challengingly.

"Not a bit!" replied the bachelor promptly. "Your pompadour's too frivolous, your skirts have too many frills, and your heels are shockingly high and the tilt of your hat would demoralize a Methodist camp-meeting. And even if all these things weren't against you ——"

"Against me!" The widow turned from the mirror and sat down with her gloves hanging limply in her hands.

"Why, yes," returned the bachelor; "against your dignity and sense of responsibility and——"

"That's just what I mean," exclaimed the widow, gazing dejectedly at the wrinkled gloves in her hands. "Had you noticed my—dignity, Mr. Travers?"

The bachelor shood his head.

"Where do you keep it?" he inquired with interest.

"Imagine," said the widow, leaning her elbows on the table and her chin in her hands, "anybody treating me—deferentially!"

"Imagine it!" exclaimed the bachelor.

"Or respectfully."

"Or seriously."

"It would be fatal!" sighed the widow.

"To whom?" asked the bachelor apprehensively.

"To my vanity!" declared the widow. "It's not the loss of her teeth, but the loss of her vanity that is the first sign of old age in a woman. It's not the loss of her figure, but the loss of her enthusiasm and her illusions; and it's not the discovery that she's growing gray, but that she's growing respectable and dignified and responsible that is terrifying."

The bachelor sat down patiently. He had been waiting twenty minutes already for the widow to finish putting on her gloves.

"Women," he said soothingly, "are only as old as they—say they are."

The widow looked at him reproachfully.

"That's as long as they are willing to say, Mr. Travers," she retorted. "It's after they stop saying anything about it that the real tragedy begins. Denying one's birthdays is a sign you feel them. And it's feeling old, not being old, that matters. There are some women of 60 who celebrate their birthdays with perfect frankness and joy, because they know that the fire of youth and attraction still burns within them, and there are girls of 26 who shudder every time they look at the calendar."

"That's it!" agreed the bachelor promptly. "Why does a woman lie about her age, anyway? So long as she acknowledges it, everybody takes her at her face value; but the moment she lies about it, she might as well step right up on the shelf——"

The widow jumped.

"'Lie' is a naughty word, Mr. Travers," she said haughtily. "It doesn't apply——"

"It applies to nearly everything a woman does," interrupted the bachelor rudely. "She lies about her face when she puts powder on it, and about her figure when she wears a corset two sizes too small, and about her hand when she squeezes it into a glove that pinches, and about her age when she tries to be girlish and ingenue after forty. To be honestly forty or fifty or sixty is beyond her power."

"Being honestly sixty," sighed the widow, "means wearing bonnets and chewing peppermint lozenges, and walking about in heelless slippers."

"Well," argued the bachelor, "isn't that more attractive than wearing a switch and a false tooth, and walking about in French heels, and the fear of sudden death? A man never lies about his age."

"He doesn't need to," returned the widow, "because so long as he's got his digestion and his reputation——"

"And his income," interpolated the bachelor.

"He can find some woman to be interested in him," finished the widow. "He doesn't have to change the fashion of his clothes every time he gets a decade older. Besides," she added, thoughtfully, "he has so many other things to lie about. He has to stop somewhere."

The bachelor started.

"He is brought up from babyhood," he replied with dignity, ignoring the insult, "with the understanding that a boy can't always be a boy."

"And that a man is nicer than a boy, anyhow," added the widow. "But nobody ever warns a girl that she can't always be a girl."

"Well, when is a girl—not a girl?" asked the bachelor with interest.

"When she's old enough to be—a chaperon," moaned the widow, promptly, "when she begins to feel anxious about getting settled——"

"And nervous about getting married," added the bachelor.

"When she suddenly discovers that picture hats are inappropriate, and that she looks foolish in pink."

"And that she would rather be comfortable than fascinating."

"When every new man ceases to represent a possible Prince Charming."

"And begins to represent only a possible income and a possible means to matrimony."

"When she is afraid to stand out in the moonlight for fear of catching cold, and would rather miss a ball than her beauty sleep, and prefers tea or ice cream and boys to men, and a cozy corner to a cotillon. When life and love begin to mean serious business instead of mere pastimes. When she ceases to look for thrills, and begins to bother about bills and—and there are other signs, Mr. Travers," finished the widow, dropping her eyes to the mahogany table.

"Yes, I've seen them," responded the bachelor, "in the street cars and the backs of the magazines. They are wrinkle eradicators, and hair-renewers, and crow's-feet killers, and banting processes, and Swedish exercises. The moment a woman becomes frightened about her age, she rushes in for violent exercise and beauty culture——"

"When she ought to be rushing into a flirtation, or a love affair, or a profession, or anything to make her forget it!" broke in the widow. "Old age is just a bogie; it won't harm you if you don't notice it. The woman who escapes it is the one who is so busy getting the most out of life that she hasn't time to observe whether her hair is getting gray or not, or whether her waistline is increasing or diminishing. She is the woman with an unquenchable zest for life; and she is just as much a girl at sixty as at sixteen. She doesn't have to bear false witness to the size of her foot, or the color of her nose, because men never think of questioning her age——"

"They don't have to!" broke in the bachelor. "A woman's age is written all over her. She may bant the signs of it off her figure, and massage the signs of it off her face, and tint the signs of it out of her hair; and after she is all through, her very walk, her very voice, and the very tilt of her hat will read like calendars bearing the record of her years."

The widow glanced anxiously in the mirror and gave her lilac toque a little sidewise push.

"Oh, it isn't the amount of the tilt," explained the bachelor, "it's the way you do it. At sixteen you wear it boldly and uncompromisingly straight back from the face; at twenty-six you turn it jauntily up at the side—like yours, for instance; at forty-six you pull it down over your nose to hide the wrinkles; and at sixty you don't tilt it at all, but wear it straight across your forehead in flat resignation. It's the natural evolution of your vanity."

"The diminution, you mean," sighed the widow.

"I don't know," responded the bachelor doubtfully, "I never observed any diminution. On the contrary, the older a woman gets the more she fishes for compliments and pines for proposals."

"Because she needs them," declared the widow dramatically. "It isn't vanity that makes her do that; it's fear. She's clinging with the last remains of her strength to the straw of adulation in order to save herself from the waters of obscurity. As long as she can keep men telling her how pretty she is and how well she dances and how they admire her, they won't begin telling her how pretty she used to be and how well she used to dance and how they used to admire her. That's the pathos," finshed the widow, clasping her gloves tragically in front of her, "of being passe!"

The bachelor shuddered.

"I understand," he sighed solemnly. "She feels like a man does when he begins to dread that people will ask him why he never married' and to tell him that he is looking young for his years.'"

"Yes," said the widow, "and she would never feel it at all—if it weren't for what she notices about men."

"What does she notice about us?" asked the bachelor, rubbing his bald spot self-consciously.

"First," said the widow, "that you look at her critically, and then that you look at her indifferently, and then that you look at her deferentially, or not at all, and then—what I noticed this morning."

"Did you have two shocks this morning?" asked the bachelor, gently.

The widow nodded solemnly.

"Who shocked you—besides the girl across the street?"

"The boy around the corner. He proposed to me," responded the widow.

"He—what?" The bachelor got up suddenly.

"Asked me to marry him, Mr. Travers."

"Well, you surely didn't notice that!" remarked the bachelor, indignantly.

"Yes, I did," nodded the widow. "And I noticed something else."

"What else?" The bachelor turned suddenly and came over beside the widow.

"Something," explained the widow, rising and straightening out her gloves, "that made me shudder with apprehension. When a woman notices it, Mr. Travers, it is time to ring down the curtain on youth and turn out the light on frivolity; for it is the magic sign that a girl—is no longer a girl."

"Poor little widow!" said the bachelor. "Tell me about it."

"I noticed," went on the widow, "that the boy is ten years younger than I am."

"Well," said the bachelor encouragingly, "that's not so much."

"And I noticed," continued the widow, "that I let him go right on proposing."

"Is that all?" asked the bachelor, less cheerfully.

"No. I noticed that I listened to him."

"That was unnecessary," remarked the bachelor coldly, "but not—damaging."

"And I noticed," finished the widow, beginning to draw on her gloves with a little shiver, "that—I nearly accepted him!"

Hold Bazaar In Church.

Preparations have been completed for the bazaar to be held in the parochial school hall of Holy Trinity Church, Thirty-sixth and N streets northwest, commencing to-morrow evening and continuing every evening for ten days. The hall is used for the Sunday school, and this morning and next Sunday it will be necessary to hold the Sunday school exercises in the church. The bazaar is for the benefit of the "new parochial school fund," started several years ago.

What Sleep Really Is.

Editor Washington Herald:

Having perused with greatest interest your clear and concise, as well as instructive and interesting, editorial on "Just What Sleep Really Is," I was tempted to see if my handy dictionary could add anything to your admirable exposition. Having learned so much about the pituitary body, hypertrophic or otherwise, I longed to know how to pronounce the name of my long-sought, but illusive, friend—in other words, on my first wakeful evening, to find out, "Where is my wandering pituitary to-night!" Eureka! It is now as simple as A B C.

"Pituitary: A small, reddish body in the sella turcica."

Lo, these many moons, most of the victims of insomnia have believed it blue, and have been searching for it in their attics. Now, again, let the little book tell us more, of this sella turcica, the abode of our pituitary:

"Sella turcica: Pituitary fossa of sphenoid bone."

There you are! The whole enigma solved at last, and so simply and lucidly a child can see the absurdity of longer fearing "a ride on the Charley horse." No longer shall crab salad or Welsh rarebit have terrors for us. Knowledge is safety. Let the good work go on. Next!

A. L. MAGER.

LITTLE HENRY'S HISTORY.

The Observant Youth Sets Down an Illuminating Record of Some Current Affairs.

Well, unkel Bill sed when him and pa set down last nite to smoke, presdunt Ruzevelt has gone down to Pannyma at last, hasent he?

Yes, pa sed. And it is a good thing he has gone thare. I tell you, Bill, this country otto have a few more such men as Ruzevelt.

As neer as i can see, unkel Bill sed, chewin his sigar thotfully, Mister Ruzevelt fills the bill. He is hisself and a few more men all at once and at the same time.

He knose exactly what to do, pa sed.

Yes, and what evrybody else otto do, unkel Bill sed. Unkel Bill is a Demmycrat, and since the election he has been tryin to pick a fite with evrybody he knose from old man Hankins to the preecher. But nobody will qarrel with unkel Bill becos he is so goodnatured. He sez that's the trouble about being a goodnatured man, when you do get fitin mad evrybody thinks you just have an attack of indigestion and insted of givin you a punch in the eye they give you some pepsin pills and tell you to drink half a barrel of hot wotter before brekfast.

I suppose Ruzevelt wont do a thing to that push when he hits the issmuss, unkel Bill sed.

He will straighten things out all rite, pa sed, leenin back in his chare and crossin' his legs as if he was satisfied with the job of sendin' Mister Ruzevelt to Pannyma.

I can see him now, unkel Bill sed. Like as not when he lands on the issmuss some of those revolushunists will be whoopin around makin speaches and shootin thare guns in the air, and Ruzevelt will say he is deelited and stand and smile and show his teeth and look on for about two minnets and then he will tafk off his coat and roll up his shurt sleeves and say to the revolushunists to set down for a minnet while he shows them how to fite. And he will make them think inside of forty seckonds that as revolushunists they are still in thare infancy.

O he wouldent do anything like that, pa sed. But of course if thay was havin a revolushun Mr. Ruzevelt would put a stop to it so qick it would make thare heds swim.

& then I can just see him startin along the canal, unkel Bill sed. Of course thay will have a lot of recepshun committys and honerarey marshals and vice presdunts and other excuses for warin badges, and thay will all start out behind him, with the yellow fever band playin a dignifide march. & the furst thing thay know Mister Ruzevelt will be husslin along so far ahed of them that the band will all trip over the basedrum tryin to catch up with him and by the time thay have got the band on its feet again and the sand shook out of the trombone and the trombone player has unswallowed the little end of his horn Mister Ruzevelt will have crossed the rite of way and will be four miles ahed of them with the secret servis men's tongues hangin out while thay try to go as fast as he does.

When he gets to the canal he will ask the boss digger what is the reeson he hasent dug that mountin out of the way long ago and say for him to have it all blasted out of the way and shuvveled into the cars and dumped into the ocean before nite or he will get his blue envelope that same nite.

& then all of a sudden, unkel Bill sed Mister Ruzevelt will begin going around among the men astin them how they spell difrent wurds. i reckon, unkel Bill sed, that Mister Ruzevelt is as strong at knokkin holes in the English langwidge as he is in rippin holes through issmusses.

& the first man that sez he spells pie with three letters will be hancuffed and throwed into miltary prizzen, far from loved ones and home surroundins and given a primmer of the new spellin reform brand and fed on bred and water from the canal until he agrees to spell accordin to the guvvernment regulations. It wont make no difrence how much the man knose about swingin a shuvvel or a pick, if he has the fool notion that thare are six letters in "missed" it is the ball & chane for him, and any man found conceelin a Websters dicshunary in his trunk will be stood against a wall and shot full of dropped letters.

O no, pa sed, Mister Ruzevelt wont do anything like that. What he wants to do is to dig the canal and leeve an endurin monument through all time.

i dont want any canal for a monument for me, unkel Bill sed. i dont want any ships payin toll in lovin memry of me.

He is doin a grate work, pa sed.

But he has left the country without a presdunt for the first time in histry, unkel Bill sed.

It will sho us how it would seem if Brine had been elected, pa sed, & then thay dident talk any more.

WILBUR NESBIT.

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BRIDE WENT TO WAR

Unique Experience of Ohio Woman in Sixties.

WAS HONORABLY DISCHARGED

Entered Service as a Man and Fought Side by Side with Her Husband in Many Battles—Escaped Without a Wound, and Voted for Lincoln—Worse Soldiers Than Her.

Mrs. Martha Lindley, of Northfield, Ohio, a little town near Akron, served through the civil war as a member of an Ohio cavalry troop with her husband, and the hundreds of comrades with whom she was daily thrown into contact never knew that the blue-eyed, fair-haired chap, whom everybody liked so well, was not a handsome boy, but a brave and determined woman who loved her husband so well that she refused to be separated from him, says the Cleveland Leader.

When the war broke out Mrs. Lindley was a bride of a few months, and lived with her husband in their newly-furnished home in the northern end of Summit County. Lincoln's first call for troops caused her husband to enlist, and she watched him march away with a sad heart. A few weeks later she disappeared from home and friends, and was seen by them no more until the end of the war. Putting on a suit of her husband's clothes, she went to an adjoining county where a recruiting officer was at work, and enlisted, stipulating that she should be assigned to the cavalry troop to which her husband belonged. This was agreed to, and young Trooper Smith, fitted out with uniform and arms, was sent to Virginia, where the troop was located.

Secrecy and Chums.

She swore her husband to secrecy, and throughout the long struggle they appeared to their comrades as chums, the husband shielding his youthful-looking comrade whenever possible. A born horsewoman, Mrs. Lindley soon became one of the most dashing members of the troop, and engaged in many a dare-devil escapade with her comrades. She was a good soldier, too, and never shirked any of the unpleasant duties of the men at the front. She took part in a number of the heaviest engagements during the three years' service, and escaped without a scratch or a moment's sickness.

"I was frightened half to death," said Mrs. Lindley, in recounting her experiences; but I was so anxious to be with my husband that I resolved to see the thing through if it killed me. I had little hope that I would be able to carry out my masquerading during the war, although at that time we imagined we would whip the "rebs" in a few days. However, I determined to go, and if I was discovered, I knew I could get a place as nurse, and I would have been willing to have been a camp cook in order to be near my husband. I was sent to Cincinnati in company with a number of enlisted men, and from there we crossed to the Kentucky side of the river and went on into Virginia, where my husband's cavalry troop was stationed. You see, I had stipulated when I enlisted that I should be assigned to my husband's troop, and I was promised that I would be.

Fun with Raw Recruit.

"When we reached camp I began to look out for my husband, but it was not until the second day after my arrival that I had an opportunity of communicating with him, as he was away from camp foraging when I arrived. When he came into camp he was speedily apprised of my presence, although he had no idea who I was. The soldiers, most of them strapping big fellows, were disposed to make fun of me because I was small and slender and looked like a boy who would have been better off attached to his mother's apron string. It was considered a great joke among them that I had been taken as a soldier, and one who would be compelled to ride a horse and take care of it, too. So it wasn't long after my husband and his comrades returned to camp until they looked me up to have a little fun with the green soldier, although they were almost as green as I, having been in the service but a few weeks.

"When they found me, I was half sick, the hard work of the past few days having been a little more than I was accustomed to, and I felt more like falling into my husband's arms and having a good cry than acting like a real soldier. But I plucked up my courage and met them with as much of a soldierly bearing as I could. My husband recognized me instantly, and as soon as he could get an opportunity to have a few words with me in private, scolded me for coming, and tried to make me leave the service. But I couldn't, and during the long struggle between the North and South, I did the best I could in the service of my country. Although I am only a woman, I think I can say without egotism that there were worse soldiers than I in the service.

"I took part with my troop in a great many battles, and narrowly escaped capture several times. My horse was shot from under me once, and that was the only time I was really afraid during the entire war.

After the War Was Over.

"I received an honorable discharge after the war was over, and came home with my husband and settled down to the cares of a domestic life. I guess I am the only woman in this part of the country that ever served through the entire war as a soldier; but in spite of that fact, few people except my immediate relatives knew of my experiences."

Although discharged honorably, Mrs. Lindley never was able to receive a pension for her service, as she had enlisted under a fictitious name. Her husband died a few years ago, and since that time she has been drawing a widow's pension of $5 a month.

Mrs. Lindley is sixty-eight years of age, and despite the fact that she has lived a most simple life since she returned from the war, the hardships endured during that struggle have begun to tell on her, and she appears to be older. Even at this late day the fact that she served throughout the war is known to but few of her friends and acquaintances. She is always willing to tell of her experiences when questioned about them, but never volunteers any information.

Mrs. Lindley is perhaps the only woman in this State who has ever had the satisfaction of voting for a Presidential candidate, as she cast her first and last vote for Lincoln while in the service.

OWNERSHIP IN AUSTRALIA.

Correspondent Williams' Statement Regarding Conditions Questioned.

Editor Washington Herald:

Without going into the question of the desirability of government ownership of railroads in the United States, which I believe utterly impracticable, owing to the "political spoils system" unfortunately in vogue, I venture to dispute many of the alleged facts stated by the Washington correspondent of the Houston Post, as quoted in your issue of the 12th instant regarding Australia and New Zealand railroads.

It is untrue that "not one of the State systems has paid working expenses and nominal interest." Reference to official records will at once disprove this. It is true that under exceptional circumstances, such as the recent seven years of drought which would have bankrupted a less resourceful country, the railways did not pay full working expenses and interest, partly due to decreased production, and partly to the reduced rates of freight made in the interests of the suffering pastoralists and farmers. On the other hand, during the same years the New Zealand railways paid so much above working expenses and interest that freight and fares were reduced so as to give the public the benefit of the increased earning power.

It is untrue that there is only one passenger train a day between Sydney and Melbourne (576 miles); there are two, and the only reason there are not more is that there is a large and fine fleet of steamers of a character unknown on either coast of the United States, which carry by far the bulk of passengers and freight at rates no railroads could compete with.

It is true there is no transcontinental line, and if Mr. G. Arthur Williams can find any capitalists who would build a railroad across the at-present arid (but not desert) interior, they are bigger fools than capitalists ordinarily are.

It is, I believe, true that the debt of Australia is greater than that of the United States, but in order to make a fair comparison, it is necessary to add to the debt of the United States the whole of the stocks and bonds of

1. Every railroad in the United States,
2. Every telegraph company in the United States,
3. Every telephone company in the United States,
4. Every water supply company in the United States,
5. All the public roads in the United States,

(outside of municipalities),

And sundry other items, including some of the most important street car lines.

The physical conditions in Australia are so dissimilar from the United States as to render futile any attempt to argue for or against State ownership of railroads based on Australian experiences. It is preposterous to attribute any lack of progress in Australia during recent years to the State ownership of railways. Such is due almost wholly to an unprecedented drought, and partly to political unrest arising largely from the power of labor unions in politics.

The impression this writer gives as to Australia being a heavily taxed country is farcical, as any one who cares to compare taxation there and in the United States can readily find for himself, and would also find the cost of living much less there than here.

I could readily deal with other items of Mr. Williams' statements, but feel the above is sufficient to show that his contribution to the discussion is valueless by reason of its inaccuracies in some respects, and its superficiality in all.

CHAS. McCLURE.

Alexandria, Nov. 15.

STARTS CURB RESTAURANT.

Peddler Inaugurates New Industry with Basket and Coffee Pot.

The curb-stone dealer, which includes the broker, and nearly every other trade and business that one can imagine, is increasing day by day.

The latest is a full-fledged restaurant which stands on the curb, moves from place to place and has everything from hot coffee to a club sandwich. This new curb-stone industry is carried on by an ingenious colored man. His "store" consists of a large basket and an immense pot of coffee, which is carried on top of a small coal oil stove.

Wherever the people seem to be the hungriest, this moving restaurant goes. This coffee man can be seen any day about the streets of Washington. In particularly disagreeable weather he does not make his appearance until late in the day, but always manages to be in a position somewhere to cater to the trade when the government departments are dismissed a 4:30 o'clock.

THANKSGIVING.

Dear God, till now I had not read
Thy lovely world with vision clear;
I did not dream the sky o'erhead
Was Heaven—that it could be so near.

I did not dream the cruel sea
Could cast its shells upon my shore,
A winged thing all fair to see
Should pause and knock upon my door.

I did not dream that men were good,
That earth was filled so full of bliss.
Dear God, I had not understood
What was contained in clasp and kiss.

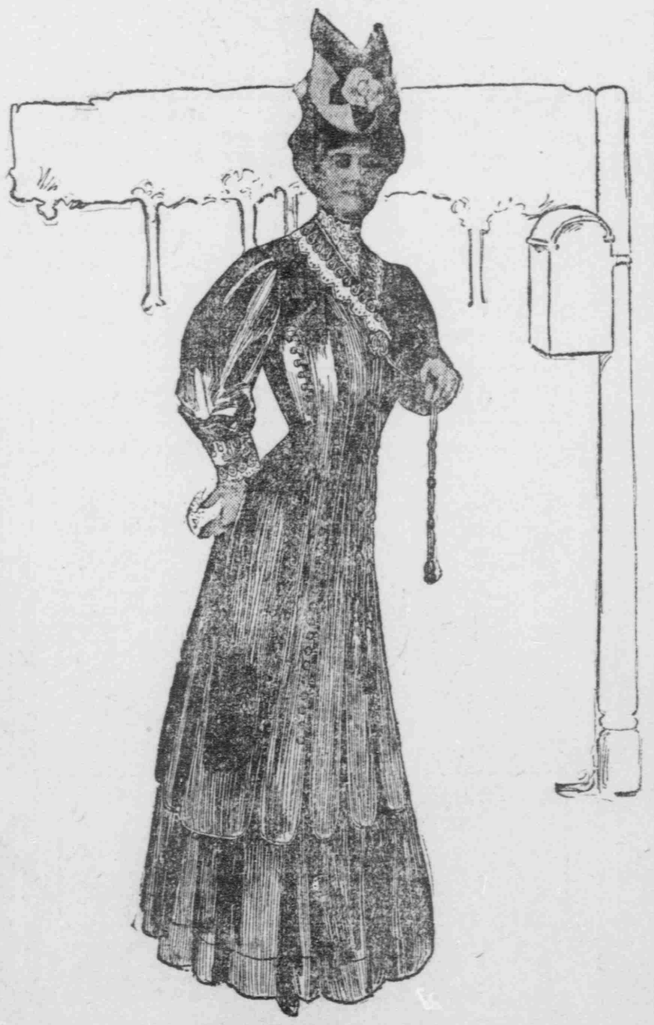
I thank Thee, Lord, in Thy blue skies,
Not for the gifts and pleasures bright;
I thank Thee Thou hast given me eyes
To read Thy lovely world aright.

MARGARET HOBSON.

Bristol School, Washington, D. C.

I SAW YOUR AD IN THE HERALD

DAILY FASHION HINT.



Long-coated Velveteen Model.

Velveteen, one of the fashionable winter dress fabrics, is introduced effectively in this early model, showing new fashion points in its long fitted coat and braid and button trimmings. The front and back gores of the coat end at the bottom in curved tab effects, while the black silk buttons and loops, applied a la militaire, are novel and attractive. The "V"-shaped neck is outlined with Irish lace and finished with a handsome cord and tassel ornament, the ends of which reach to the coat edge. The skirt is perfectly plain, of walking length, and made with hip length plaits stitched flat to allow a well-fitting skirt top.

WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Stories of Washington Life.

He bought a ring, a solitaire,
On the installment plan:
He gave it to the girl when their
Engagement first began.

For bitter irony of fate
This just beats anything.
She jilted him. He's paying still
Installments on that ring.

* * * *

There is something rather curious about the attitude of a great part of the public toward Christian Science. You meet people every day who don't mind at all if you say you haven't any religion; people who will let you say what you choose about politics or socialism or sewing machines, but just mention Christian Science, and they begin to froth at the mouth. I can't for the life of me see why a thing which they declare to be perfect tommyrot that no person of any intelligence whatever can believe, should infuriate them so. They don't get half so worked up over Mormonism or child-labor. For my part, while I don't know that the things the Christian Scientists say are true, I do know that many of the things their opponents say are not. The danger of contagious disease doesn't worry me at all, though perhaps it ought to. It has been my observation that when a Christian Scientist has a "claim" it's a "claim" to something a good deal worse than a doctor would think he had. It's not so many years since a devoted mother allowed a child with measles to play in one of our parks to the undoing of several children in the neighborhood. She wasn't Christian Scientist, though. She thought the child had prickly heat. If she'd been a Christian Scientist she'd have said the child had a "claim" of smallpox, in which case, the health department would have attended to her. I know one Christian Science mother whose child had a "claim" of whoopng cough. She kept the child from school, explaining to me that the children of parents who hadn't her belief would be endangered by associating with her little girl. One woman in the neighborhood sent her child to play with the little girl, whom "error" swayed for a time, because she wanted her infant to catch the disease and have it over before she was any older. If you ask me, I couldn't tell for the life of me which mother was the more benighted. Aside from the healing beliefs of the sect concerning which one may have doubts, I can't see any fault with the philosophy. Personally, I think it's a very good idea not ot expect illness and disaster. And it's commendable to look on the happy side of things. Naturally, every sect has its fanatics, but you and I and everybody else know some very intelligent and pleasing people who are Christian Scientists. I haven't any faith in medicine anyway so long as I'm well. And when I'm ill, I don't care a bit what system of healing anybody else wants to follow. If it makes my neighbor ache less to hear a book read to him, let him have it. Let him be a New Thoughter, or a Babbist or a Christian Scientist, or a Mental Healer or a Raz-Taz-Fanite if he wants to. So long as he lets me send for the doctor I want, and listen to the clergyman who pleases me best he can heal himself with the whole dictionary for all I care.

* * * *

I'm not sure that there is such a word as Raz-Taz-Fan, but there's something nearly like it and an oculist told me about it. It's a sect, later than Babbism, or maybe it's a school of philosophy. I don't know which. The oculist tells me that one of his patients belongs to it. When she's annoyed, or out of sorts, she sits down, relaxes her muscles, looks at the tip of her nose and breathes deeply. Deep breathing, you must know is significant and has a great effect on your soul or your astral body or your lungs or your periasteum, or something of that sort. Certain thoughts go with it, but I don't know what they are: What went with the gazing at the tip of the nose, in the case of the oculist's patient, was a straining of certain eye muscles, which will keep her from looking comfortably at anything for some time. It's too bad, too. Raz-Taz-Fan was so satisfactory, and the patient had given up Theosophy because she found out that purple is her astral color and purple is frightfully unbecoming.

Reverting to Christian Science, it's a sect that is bound to remain, whether it's tommy-rot or truth, because it is organized in such a way as to eliminate the factor of personal influence. So far as I can learn, nobody has influence but Mrs. Eddy. In most religious denominations, any pastor who choses to separate from the main body, can take a following with him. He can preach, and he can to a certain extent, interpret doctrine in his own way. In Christian Science churches unless my observation and information are at fault, there is no sermon. There is merely a reading from the Bible and extracts from Mrs. Eddy's works. There are two readers, one a man, the other a woman ,and they do not retain their positions long. The same readings are heard in every church on the same day. It seems to me there couldn't be a better plan for eliminating the possibility of divisions, and a sect which cannot be divided, is likely to stand, no matter what it's tenets are.

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My small friend, Josephine, went over to play with my almost as small friend Phil, last Saturday, and Phil's mother, as a reward of merit, laid an apple and an orange on the nursery table:

"Which will you have?" asked Phil, gallantly.

"You choose first," said Josephine, politely.

"No, you choose."

"No, I'd rather let you."

Philip allowed himself to be persuaded and took the orange. Josephine nibbled her apple resentfully and gazed at him. It was a very large and lucious orange and the apple was neither. At length she broke out.

"Well, you certainly haven't a speck of manners. If I'd choosed first, I'd have taken the apple."

Phil went on eating the orange undisturbed.

"Well," he said, "I let you have it without choosing, didn't I? What are you fussing for?"

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I like to see a man stick up for his rights even if he's a mere flat dweller who hasn't any that a landlord is bound to respect. I admire Adolphus for the stand he has taken.

"I got tired of being put upon," he said. "The agent promised to have our flat repapered and the ceilings done by the first of September. He didn't do it. He let us wait because he knew we didn't want to move, and he had things done for new tenants who had to be catered to. I told him I wouldn't stand it, and I didn't. I said I wouldn't pay another cent of rent till the flat was put in good shape as promised. I didn't either. I didn't pay a bit of rent for three months, and last week they papered and calsomined. It took me three months to bring them to time, but I brought them."

"And then you paid the whole three months' rent at once," said the man who listened.

"Yes," said Adolphus. "I didn't pay a cent till I got what I wanted."

It's a great thing to have a weapon like that in one's hand. It's also pleasant for a landlord to receive three months' rent in a lump.

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I did have a scheme once for organizing all the renters of this town into a union, so that if a house in M street wasn't repaired when it ought to be, Georgetown and Capitol Hill and the apartment houses all over town would strike in sympathy and refuse to pay any more rent till M street had its rights. I'm not sure yet that the idea isn't a good one. The thing that discouraged me was the conviction that the landlords would get the rent out of us in the end, anyway, and that they'd go on making repairs just as they saw fit. Our only recourse would have been to move out, all of us at once, and we wouldn't have had any place to move to. Still, the idea is a good one, and it comforts me to think of it at night when the dripping of the faucet I've been complaining about for six months keeps me awake.

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A clergyman recently returned from London tells me of seeing a British subject walking with some difficulty along a London street at 2 o'clock in the morning. Evidently he had been seeking surcease of sorrow in many cups, and while his load of that sort of thing was slight, his load of another sort was heavy.

"Beg pardon," he said to a passer-by, pointing to the more or less befogged heavens, and speaking in a voice which matched them, "watch's stopped. Will you tell me, kind sir, whether that is the sun or the moon?"

The passer-by shook his head, none too steadily.

"Can't s-say," he murmured. "I'm a s-stranger in London."

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"You needn't believe it when people tell you Paris is a polite place," one of my friends writes me from there. "People say so because they come here and drive about in carriages, and listen to the French people talk. If they went on foot they'd find out. Pedestrians haven't any rights. Of course, you know that every time a cabby runs over you, you have to pay a forfeit for obstructing traffic, and he gets it. It was always that way, but it's only lately that the cabmen have organized. Now, instead of the cabman who has marked you for his victim getting at you, he gets a driver who isn't anywhere near you to do it, so that you'll be too bewildered to run. The only polite man I've seen since we arrived was at the Gare du Nord. He grinned and winked at me for ten minutes, and I wished my brother were there to step on him, but he did seem friendly, till I noticed how he held one hand crooked. When I saw that, I gave him a fee and we got our trunks without bothering about any octrol business. If anybody in Paris is polite, you may know he expects to be paid for it. Every time I have to cross a street, I feel sure that if I could only meet an American policeman I'd shed tears of joy on his uniform. Paris is the most unpleasant town on earth, unless you can afford a carriage."

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It takes a great deal to worry Mrs. Blank. Somebody said to her, regretfully, the other day, that Henry James has told his friends he means never to come to America again, though, of course, he didn't say it in so few words as that.

"Humph!" sniffed Mrs. Blank. "I shouldn't think any of that family would care to come back. He was lucky not to get what they gave Jesse."

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"I always feel thankful when I look at the motto on a silver dollar," says a young matron, "because there's nobody left on earth we can trust in, and I do like to trust sometimes. As soon as we bought our house and moved in, tradesmen began to solicit our custom. I selected the nearest grocer, because my cook said he was reliable, and I had faith in my cook. She said the things we got from the grocer on the other corner weren't fit to eat. By and by that neglected grocer sent a man over to talk to me. He seemed a very open-minded man.

"'I used to work for the firm you are patronizing,' he said. 'They sell good goods. Also, they are grafters. You'll find they are bribing your cook, and they'll make you pay for what they give her.'

"I didn't believe it, but, of course, I looked into the matter. I went down into the kitchen when I wasn't expected, and what do you think my cook was having for dinner? Squab and mushrooms! She confessed that the market man had made her a present of them. Maybe that's the way the 'best eggs' and 'best butter' we've been having have tasted third rate. I've changed my dealer; and I'll trust the one I have now till I find out what his particular form of graft is."

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A very eminent college professor has complained lately that many of his students are not sufficiently familiar with the Bible to understand references which were plain to everybody a generation ago. It seems an odd state of affairs, and it's odder still to find in an able article, written by a journalist of international reputation, a sentence which appeared in one of the magazines not so very long ago. The article concerned the British laboring man as a political factor, and according to the author of it the British tradesunionist regarded a certain man's conduct as very nearly as "base as the betrayal of Judas Iscariot for forty pieces of silver." Of course, one knows that the price of everything has gone up lately, and it may be that St. Matthew has been revised to fit the new scale, but we were certainly brought up to believe that thirty pieces were all Judas received. Forty pieces is what the magazine says. Doubtless it's a printer's error, or possibly what one may call a lapsus type-writeris. It can't possibly be that the journalist forgot St. Matthew's statement.

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I've always wondered what a pard is and how it came to be bearded, and now I know. Lucy explained it. Lucy has a chum named Frances, and Frances' father declined to permit Frances to go to the matinee.

"I made him give in, though," says Lucy. "I'm not afraid of him. I marched right in and bearded the pard in his den, the lion in his hall."